

MARCH OF EVENTS

Protestantism a By-Product of Catholicism to which it is Returning

(By Lucien Stebbins.)

The hangings and Gibbons' contentions as to who burned Joan of Arc may prove interesting and profitable to a realization of the drastic methods of the Roman Catholic church right here and now in the United States.

Informed society knows that Joan of Arc, as well as Giordano Bruno, were burned by the church and state oligarchy of the Roman Catholic brand—whether of England or Europe is immaterial.

It is also a matter of general information that Christians of the Protestant brand, both in England and America, burned witches and quakers by church and state authority, on the plea that they were "undesirable citizens."

This shows that Protestantism is simply a by-product of Roman Catholicism, to which it is already preparing to return, as a child to its mother.

Such incidences as this of Joan of Arc are timely reminders of the dead past, as they serve as valuable guide posts to point to the immediate future.

The burning question of the now is, "What is the character of the church and the Christian religion in the twentieth century, and what are we going to do about it?" Religion is a "superhuman and supreme authority" claimed by priests as vice-gerents and interpreters of the will of an Almighty tyrant, to govern this world with his despotic power. Such it claims to be, such all usage and practice of law, learning and philosophy recognize it to be.

Personal and individual opinions in regard to religion amount to no more than the sands on the seashore. They are simply playthings for the winds and tides.

Religion is the upstae of ignorance and despotism beneath whose poisonous shadows reason and freedom die. Religion is the hypnotic spell of the priest, the clown, the charlatan and the knave.

It puts the unthinking masses to sleep and then robs them. Religion is the potent and indispensable factor in all despotic governments. Religion is the deadly enemy of reason and liberty.

The Roman Catholic religion is now being repudiated in the land of its birth. France has driven its black robed Jesuit priests from her borders, and they are flocking to the United States, where they are working their way into places of influence, where they can control the administration of the government. They are hand in hand, and "cheek by jowl" with the great corporate interests of this country and helping them to rob the American people of their remaining liberties.

The face of this situation Protestant ministers lie down like dogs at their master's feet.

Joan of Arc is four hundred years away, but the same interests that burned her, and in 1600 burned Giordano Bruno at the stake, have just assassinated Francisco Ferrer in Spain. Thus we see that the character of Christian religionists is unchanged, in spite of centuries of education and enlightenment.

Religionists burned witches and quakers in England, and also in Massachusetts, and are now burning up the liberties of the American people.

These interests now constitute an international compact between the monarchial governments of Europe and the American republic, also of Mexico and the Latin republics of Central and South America. The object of this com-

bination is to crush civil and mental liberty, in order that an imperial oligarchy may reign supreme throughout the world, with the pope of Rome as the supreme temporal ruler and God's vicegerent on earth—the most stupendous scheme of all ages.

Some of the "straws which show the direction the wind is blowing" along this line, within the last fifty years in this country, are the assassination of Abraham Lincoln (and it must not be forgotten that every participant in that dastardly plot were Roman Catholics, as can be proved by judicial records), the execution of the Haymarket victims, the attempted judicial assassination of Aoyer, Haywood and Pettibone, the attempted return of political refugees from Russia and Mexico upon the most trivial and unusual subterfuges, the intimate relations established between President Taft and the pope of Rome, under the pretext of protecting the pope's interests in the Philippine Islands and Mr. Taft's assurance to the children in the parochial schools of Portland, Oregon, that "loyalty to their government, loyalty to the government, and his admonition to Protestants to unite and perpetuate the cause of religion; the newspaper report that upon Theodore Roosevelt's return from his African trip he will proceed to Rome and have the "honor of Roman citizenship conferred upon him" (not Italian citizenship, but Roman), and the complacent announcement to the voters of America by Mr. Roosevelt's son-in-law, that the president is to be the next president of the United States.

Note the fact also that the clerical assassination of Francisco Ferrer, which has shaken all Europe from center to circumference to a state of protest, has scarcely made a ripple upon the smug complacency of American newspaperdom and little, if any, protest from the pulpit.

This one fact alone should open the eyes of every sane person to the power of Roman Catholic influence upon the press and pulpits of America.

Another significant indication of the tendency of our government to Roman Catholic control is the fact that the police force, which is almost entirely Roman Catholic—are permitted to use inquisitorial methods of torture to wring confessions from their helpless prisoners, which they make because there is no other way to relieve themselves of the torture inflicted upon them. This is a revival of the methods of the old Spanish inquisition and has been inspired by Roman Catholic ecclesiastical influence, and no other.

The democratic bulwarks of civil liberty—the free press, free speech and the right of peaceable assembly—are being overrun and destroyed by these same Roman Catholic police who make carry is "bigger than the constitution of the United States."

The gigantic trusts that have absorbed the wealth and resources of the country are largely controlled by or owned by wealthy Roman Catholics or by men who need the help of the Roman Catholic ecclesiastical control to aid them in their exploitation of the people, and it is a well known fact that the Vatican at Rome draws large dividends from many corporations.

All these things have imposed a burden upon the working, toiling people of this country that is unsupportable, and the only remedy for the situation is revolution.

Toward this result irresistible events are rushing with as great certainty as the waters of the St. Lawrence rush toward the falls of Niagara. Nothing can stay the tide that is swiftly bearing this country toward the abyss of a bloody revolution—possibly the bloodiest the world has ever known.

The church and state oligarchy already formed in this country, with the Roman Catholic church at the head and in control, assisted by thousands of Jesuit retainers which have flocked here from all corners of the earth within the last fifty years, with Protestant preachers trading along in the fear, and traitorous congressmen giving all aid and assistance, are prepared for the issue.

The public press is subject to the same control, also college institutions and all our legislative, administrative and judicial departments of government.

The "Dick military law" gives them power to use the military forces of the country when the hypnotic power of "Gypsy Smith," "Billy Sunday" and "Sam Jones" fails to keep the people in submission any longer.

When the grating guns are put in operation the scenes of "bloody Sunday" of Russian history will be re-enacted. With these United States. We shall not then care much who burned Joan of Arc. We shall be taking our own turn at furnishing the fuel for Roman Catholic bonfires.

Working men of America, and all liberty loving men and women, if you would preserve your lives and the blood-bought liberties for the generations that are yet to come get a move on you and get to thinking.

Our enemies have done their thinking and are prepared for the issue. What are you going to do about it?

ARE MEN CREATED EQUAL?

Ever since the birth of this nation the majority of the people have believed that men are created equal, when the fact is well known that we are not equals physically or intellectually.

Shrewd men have always taken advantage of their less crafty fellowmen, and have succeeded to the extent that over one-third of the population live in idleness at the expense of the producing classes. They have built schools and colleges, in which they graft the minds of the people to suit their fancy, and teach them to believe in a god who makes the rich and the poor, that whosoever believes shall receive eternal bliss, but those who believe not shall be damned forever.

This infernal doctrine has been preached for the last 2,000 years. Men of high intellect, otherwise, believe in this doctrine of the Christian religion. Not only this, but they have established a government in which the majority of people have to suffer for lack of food in the midst of plenty, while a few have all the wealth at their command.

In this struggle for existence, different remedies have been applied to overcome the evil, but still suffering grows worse from day to day. Fortunes grow like mushrooms, in a fortnight, while on the other hand, children are crying for bread, and shiver with the cold. That there is something wrong in the machinery of the government is not denied, but so far the defective parts have not been discovered.

Some say an income tax will set things right, while another speaks about tariff reform, and still another advocates anti-trust laws, and Mr. Channing Severance, in the your issue of June 5th, claims that the single tax, the theory of Henry George, would cause all poverty to vanish from the face of the earth.

In analyzing this case before us, we notice that it is not so much the matter in not having produce of all kinds to sustain life and happiness, but the symptoms show that the necessities of life are not properly distributed, and for that reason we want a remedy that will distribute the product of labor in a proper manner.

Money is a measure of all wealth. Whoever has money has wealth. It is exchangeable for all the comforts of life. It will buy land, houses and homes, in fact, it will buy everything. Now the question arises: How can we get that money in order that we may buy what is needed? The answer is simple: "Work for it!"

Suppose our government would employ all idle laborers for public improvements and pay them in legal tender certificates, from the President down to the lowest servant. It would at once relieve us from all national debts, and the money would flow freely through the channels of trade, and all men who would work could buy as they liked, and no better money could be had, as it would be redeemed by honest toil, and the people would prosper without and poverty to check them.

This is the only remedy that will go to the vital spot. It will eventually starve out all drones and speculators, and the only trust would be the people themselves.

Those who have the gold, let them use it as they like, but it is the labor or service of men from which all wealth comes.

HALLEY'S COMET

PROVES THERE IS NO GOD

In its Flight Through Space Encounters No Heaven, Spirit Abode or Mansions in the Sky

Series No. 1 published in *Hugh Pontecost's "Twentieth Century" Magazine*. Series No. II in "The Investigator."

(Series No. III.)

BY OTTO WETTSTEIN, S. S.

Halley's comet proclaims in majestic splendor: "There is no god, no devil, no heaven, no hell!"

In its journey of 75 years, flying through infinity at the rate of 3,000,000 miles a day (make an effort to comprehend it!) does it encounter god, heaven, spirit abodes, mansions in the sky, realms where angels dwell, hell and his satanic majesty, purgatory and kindred abodes of spooks? If so, what would be the inevitable result? If not, where are the heavenly hosts and localities which are the stock in trade of our priests and preachers and which finds ready sale at enormous prices throughout the world?

Does god (who must be omnipresent or there is none) dodge the comet in its furious flight through boundless expanse or does the comet fly around in "him?"

Materialists are not "fighting god," are not trying to "crowd god out of the universe." How could we fight with something that has never existed and does not exist now? How could we crowd out something that no one has ever seen and the wisest person knows nothing about? Can we fight with some one out of sight, some one who is nowhere, some one who, when challenged, will not present himself in the arena ready for battle? No, materialists are not fighting realities and jacks; we are fighting spooks, theories, conjectures of Tom, Dick and Harry, and myths originated in the dark ages of ignorance. That's all.

We cannot explain nature's mysteries with that which is presently the most stupendous mystery of all mysteries. We know nature exists, theists—even god himself—have sadly failed to substantiate their hypothesis.

Why should the agnostic be an agnostic? Why not remain in the Catholic, Baptist or Lutheran church? If he can believe that an infinite, extensive personality or "omnipresent god" may exist within an infinite universe presided over by countless millions of giant incandescent, flying and gyrating cosmic bodies, then why not believe in an omnipresent devil also; garden virgin, rib and fish stories, and all the minor miracles of the bible he now scornfully rejects.

If he can believe that man may live when he is cremated, or survive his own destruction; that he may live during eternity without any material structure, organs, brain and flesh and blood, why not remain in the church who originated these phantasmagoria?

Can men, women and children exist made of air, ether, gas, or of hope and desire?

I could easily believe that, at this moment, a single chauffeur controls and manipulates every "auto" on earth, as to believe that a solitary being or agent, somewhere off in infinite expanse, controls simultaneously the countless millions of cosmic bodies constituting the universe.

We cannot explain everything (nature) with something we know absolutely nothing about; nor accept an hypothesis in explanation of existence conveying ideas to which nothing in nature corresponds.

At no moment is radically, though plausibly, materialistic, and, incidentally, atheistic. No intelligent

and honest man can familiarize himself with the facts of nature, as revealed by astronomy, and remain atheist, spiritist or an agnostic. We know there is no god between the earth and the moon—8,000 miles, the sun—93,000,000 miles, or Sirius 58 thousand billion of miles away. We know these giant incandescent bodies and countless others, sweeping with incomprehensible velocity within their vast orbits, make life of any kind absolutely impossible within interstellar space. This knowledge—together with many other well-known facts, compels the honest thinker to peremptorily consign all gods, devils, heaven, hell, spirits and spirit-worlds to realms of fiction.

On the broad and glorious highway of Reason in the evolution of religious thought there is no stopping place between abject Romanism and scientific Materialism.

Has God a God? Has a soul a soul, or a spirit a spirit? If not, what use of a god in nature or a soul or spirit in man? If a god can exist without necessitating a god to create him, why can nature not exist without a god to create it. If souls or spirits can exist without a god, why not their spirit forms, why posit such airy-nothings for on in the complex and marvelous human form? What, indeed, do we KNOW about gods, souls and spirits? Imagine matter—the pulsant, underlying reality of all existence—removed from the universe, and there is nothing left; remove the countless gods and spirits of man's creation and the grand system of nature in all its glory, and all its terrible possibilities, forever remains.

When the theist explains his God, and more especially his "handiwork" or methods of creating monads, mice and men, while simultaneously attending all other phenomena in nature, we will kneel and worship him.

NO HEAVEN. CONSOLATION: NO HELL.

The Agnostic should not be an Agnostic because he IS an Agnostic.

No one can reason himself into the church, but only out of it. A negative condition of mind—never to think a thought—will suffice to be a member in good standing. Reasoning will kick him out.

"Spirit" is an outline of a human form with nothing inside of it to create the outline of a form.

Physiologists KNOW that every organ, nerve and muscle, bone and brain, is a necessity to the perfect man; then how can we exist during eternity without them?

"Christian Science." What a travesty on science! Should be arrested.

All is peace. With our birth trouble commences; with death it ends. All again is peace. Why fear death?

To prove that the doctrine of immortality today is believed or cherished from purely selfish motives, it would only be necessary to prove that such a state of eternal existence is not desirable, and all minds, not in the clutches of priest or preacher, would forthwith reject it. This is why they have rejected hell.

Mysticists persist in the statement that we don't know what matter is. I will tell them: Whatever IS, is matter. The underlying reality of all existence is matter. The "stuff" we are made of is matter. The components of all

(Continued on Page 4.)

BLUE GRASS BLADE

FOUNDED 1884.

By CHARLES CHILTON MOORE.

and edited by him until his death, February 1, 1904.



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The Blade urges upon its readers to
contribute articles for its columns. The
post has said: "But many a gem of pur-
est ray, serene the dark, unfathomed
caves of ocean's heart," and the same be
true of your mind. Especially do we re-
quest articles from our younger readers.
You may not be a Kilder, a Wilson, a
Foote, a Ladd, or a Wettstein. Very few
of us are. But you certainly can give
something that will be of interest to your
fellow-workers. These great men had
their beginnings. Let us tell the readers
of the Blade what you are doing and
what you are thinking.

TO THE FRIENDS OF THE BLUE GRASS BLADE:

As is known to many of you, all
the business interests, including
the printing establishment of the
undersigned, was thrown into
bankruptcy, May 1st, and the business
has been continued since
under the direction of a Receiver
appointed by the United States
Court.

During these two months I have
made every effort to keep the
Blade alive, but as it is not on a
paying basis, the Receiver has di-
rected its discontinuance.

For sixteen years I have pub-
lished the Blade, and at no time
during that period has it been up-
on a paying basis. For my work
in editing and mailing the paper
during those years, I have received
practically nothing, while quite
frequently I have had to go down
in my pocket to help pay for the
printing. I would cheerfully con-
tinue to do this without complaint
were I in a financial condition to
do so.

I can arrange with the Receiver
to continue the paper myself, but
it must be made to pay its way. If
the friends of the paper, the
friends of its late lamented found-
er, and my own friends will come
to my help, the Blade can be kept
alive. Hundreds and hundreds of
dollars are owing on account of
back subscriptions. Had these
been paid up, there would have
been no trouble. Perhaps they will
be some time, many of them at
least; but the money is wanted
now. Perhaps many of them will
never be. Neglect of this kind has
sent many a paper to the wall.
The subscription price of the

Blade was placed at what it costs
to issue the paper. There was no
revenue whatever from advertise-
ments, and the subscriptions that
remain unpaid I lose. If I could
afford to lose, there would be no
complaint; but I cannot afford it.
In the future, it is cash for every-
thing for me. If I do not get the
money out of the paper to contin-
ue it, I must stop it.

In the meantime I want to hear
from the Blade's friends. I want
them to tell me frankly what they
think of the situation. It is not as
if the Blade were a money-making
property. Its continuance is not a
business proposition. I am willing
to give my time and efforts.

What are YOU willing to do?
Each friend should send in a
long list of subscribers, with the
money to pay for the subscrip-
tions. Subscriptions at fifty cents
each, in clubs of five or ten, are
preferred. Two thousand of these
ought to be secured easily. This
would guarantee the continuance
of the paper.

I hope you may hear from you
with a full and frank expression
of your views, and an assurance
of your assistance. In the mean-
time, I am doing all I can for the
paper and the cause it represents.

JAMES E. HUGHES.

BELIEF OR UNBELIEF-- WHICH?

We find that the whole super-
structure called Christianity is
founded upon what they called a
firm belief in something, the truth
of which they don't, nor can't
possibly know a particle about.

In our estimate, the word "Be-
lieve" is one of the most deceptive
terms, most meaningless and most
useless words to be found in the
Bible. It is calculated to deceive
even the very elect. It is stated
that in case we wish to be saved,
we must believe. But what are
we to believe? First, believe in
the existence of an infinite, all-
wise Being, either material or spiri-
tual, but the Bible says that he is both.

Believe that the Bible is his in-
spired word and true to a letter.
Then believe in the miraculous
conception, birth, crucifixion, res-
urrection and ascension, together
with the saving qualities reposed
in this man they call Jesus; be-
lieve that all who don't believe
and are baptized will be damned;
believe in a future life in either
an endless heaven or hell; and
then believe that all who don't
believe as we do will surely go to
either go to one or other of the
above places.

This is, in substance, the Chris-
tian belief. But what does it all
amount to? One sound, sensible
Truth is worth more to an honest,
truthful person than all the belief
in the Bible put together. Truth
doesn't require any belief to sup-
port it. It is true without belief;
and our belief or disbelief would
not change it a particle. Had the
system of Christian faith and be-
lief been founded upon what they
knew to be true, instead of what
they believed or supposed was
true, then they might expect others
to believe also. But their belief
either pro or con doesn't alter
the case a particle.

We view it as an outrage upon
the rising generation—young men
and women—for ministers to get
up in their pulpits and try to
make them believe in something
that looks unreasonable to them,
the truth of which the minister
himself knows nothing about, but
tries to force his belief and opin-
ions upon others who are innocent
and try to scare them into sub-
scription against their honest opin-
ions and sense of truth and justice.

But we are pleased to see that
ministers are not meeting with
half the success in the way of
fooling the people today that they
did even 25 years ago. People
are becoming too highly educated
to take belief for truth, and by
the time another century rolls
around the services of the minis-
ters will not be needed, because
the people will choose rather to
do their own thinking and reason-
ing upon this subject. Then
they can believe only what they
know to be true, and nothing
more. Yours truly,

JOEL M. BERRY.

"REASON, ITS USE AND ABUSE."

(BY A. E. WADE.)

I fully agree with Brother
Severance in all that he says re-
garding the right use of reason,
and its abuse; but, is he sure that
he is not guilty of the same abuse
of reason that he condemns? He
says, "He (mortal man) has tak-

en the god idea, which owes its
existence to a misused imagination,
and erected upon it a fearful and
foolish system of religion."

This is a baseless and unwarranted
assumption. Where are the
facts that go to prove that the
"god idea" owes its existence to
a "misused imagination"? On the
contrary, the god idea must have
had its origin in the first at-
tempts of reasoning among the
primitive inhabitants of the
globe; for we find that every peo-
ple living had a god of some kind,
from the ignorant savage to the
most cultured and refined. The
first query in the mind of a child,
when it begins to exercise its rea-
son is, "who makes little girls,"
or "who made me?" It sees ob-
jects that were made by man, and
it reasons that everything must
have had a maker; and it natu-
rally concludes that someone must
have made this world and the
people living in it. That "fearful
and foolish system of religion
erected thereon," is not the re-
sult of a "god idea," but of a
false and absurd conception of
the character of god. In the
primitive times, when men were
ignorant and "superstitious,"
they observed certain facts, such
as earthquakes, fire and floods,
and not being able to see the
goodness of such, naturally con-
cluded that their god was angry
and sent these disasters as an evi-
dence of his wrath. Observing an
apparent war among the elements,
they inferred that each ele-
ment was controlled by a separate
deity, and from this arose Pantheism.

Monothism (the one god idea)
which the Jews held in distinction
to the Pagan religions, was an
advance in reason from Panthe-
ism, but they still believed that
god was "angry with the wicked,"
and that he "repented" (changed
his mind) when things turned out
differently from what he expected.
If one assumes that there is a
hell and a heaven and another
world, he can reason for himself
into no end of beliefs.

We assume nothing of the kind.
We can prove that there is a
heaven, a hell and a future life
from facts that we know exist.
We know that "the kingdom of
heaven" does exist here and now,
for we, in a large measure, are
in the enjoyment of it, which "is not
meat or drink but righteousness
(right living and doing) and joy
and peace" and from what we
read in the daily papers of the

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RALLYING.

Up from the depths
And into the light.
The glory of dawn
Still follows the night.
Happiness reigns
Where sorrow held sway,
Singing for joy
At the new-born day!

Up from the slough
Of pain and despair,
With hope for the future
And courage to bear
Whatever the fate
In time may allot—
If we are to be crowned
By fortune or not!

Up from the mire
Of shame and defeat,
Dauntless, whatever
Reverses we meet;
Trustful and true
And patient and strong,
Wearing the world
With a holiday song!

Wise George.

"George, have you seen any of these
new 'Chanticleer' hats?"
"Why, yes, I have seen 'em."
"I must have one. Everybody is
talking about them."

"A 'Chanticleer' wouldn't look good
on you, my dear. It's the sort of hat
that's becoming to a woman like Jane
De Plopp."

"I wouldn't have one for the world."
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

ONE OF MANY.



"Is Mr. Lushleigh good natured?"
"He always jolly while setting 'em
up for the boys, but gets frantic when
his wife asks him for money to pay
the butcher's bill."

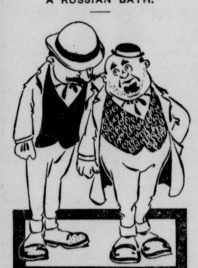
For Shame.
I hate my way
Some fellows brag,
Because they've had
A little jag.

Sweetlomb.
"How did you enjoy the play?"
"Oh, so, so. It was one of those
modern dramas."
"Surely, the dialogue was smart?"
"Well, the husband in the play
swore a great deal in the presence of
his workfolk. I suppose I should
have laughed!"

Driving Out the Snakes.
"He is a pleased Irishman."
"What's he so pleased about?"
"The appropriateness of his recov-
ery."
"What do you mean?"
"He was cured of delirium tremens
on St. Patrick's day."

Beggars Become Howlers.
A—When I was in the east I met
with many begging derelicts.
B—I thought they called them
howling derelicts?
A—That's what they became when
you don't give them anything—Meg-
genderfor Blatter.

A RUSSIAN BATH.



Blinker—The car is patriotic, life
always seems to be taking a Russian
bath.
Clicker—How?
Blinker—He's in hot water most of
the time, and—Will he keep his
throne? Ah! there's the rub!

A Moderate Ambition.
I would not live till the world's end.
I would the comic scheme less wrecked.
I'd just live till some home costs less
Than figured by the architect.

Hard Luck.
The Lady—Why don't you go to
work and earn an honest living in-
stead of begging?
The Hobo—I can't get no work at
me perfection, ma'am. Dat's de an-
swer.

The Lady—What is your specialty?
The Hobo—I'm a professional bomb-
thrower, ma'am.

The Limit.
"Drat Punker's nerve!"
"Blinker's the punker being doing?"
"Blargizing my pipe dreams."

A FREAK.

I revel in this
Sporting dope,
Though really
I never hope
To understand
The draft of all
That when I am
Am playing ball;
This dope of "garden"
"Bugs," "fash,"
Of being safe,
Of trying cans
On players fills
My soul with glee,
Though it's obscure
As it can be.
I love to read it
And reflect;
I also like
Scotch dialect.

Not What It Seemed.

"It must be lovely to have your hus-
band so handy about the house!" ex-
claimed Mrs. Oler, as she admired a
bookcase that Mr. Homer had made
from a cupboard.
"Yes," was the reluctant ad-
mittance of Mrs. Homer, "but it is dread-
fully expensive."
"Why, yes," replied Mrs. Oler, "we
have to have a carpenter come to
make repairs and sometimes we have
to have a plumber and a painter and an
electrician."

THAT WAS STRONG ENOUGH.



Landlady—You should never attack
the weak.
Boarder—All right. I won't say any-
thing about the tea; I'll talk about
the butter.

Grin, Grin, Keep on Grinning!
Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Weep and you weep by yourself.
For never an other living
Will pay you to run a colt.

Victim of Fate.

"I saw you talking to Mrs. Feather-
ly. She seemed excited."
"Yes; she was putting up the same
old grumble."
"What's her grievance?"
"A case of bunches anniversaries.
She was born the day before Christ-
mas and married the day after—and
one present answers for all three oc-
casions."

Sure of Himself.

"I'll give you a position as clerk to
start with," said the merchant, "and
pay you what you are worth. Is that
satisfactory?"
"Oh, perfectly," replied the college
graduate. "But—do you think the
firm can afford it?"—Lippincott's.

Suspicious.

"Let me show you 'Love Letters of
Wise Men,'" said the clerk in the
book emporium.
"Are they signed?" asked the cau-
tious bookworm.
"Yes, indeed, every one of them."
"Then they must be forgeries.
Wise men never sign their names to
love letters."

Easily Convinced.

Would-be Contributor (at editor's
desk)—Here's a joke, Mr. Editor,
that I'll guarantee was never in print
before.
Editor (after reading it)—Don't
doubt your word in the least, sir—
Tid-bits.

A MODEST MAN.

"I need not tell you that this hat
is of old style and that I must have
another."
"No, dear, you need not."
"But I will! I declare I—"
"Here's a check, dear!"

A Paradoxical Position.

"The artist who is painting my pic-
ture is very unreliable about his en-
gagements. Often when I go at the
appointed hour I have to wait."
"Then you ought to take a stand
about your sittings."

Sympathetic currents.

First Thespian—Do you think this
dog town would be a bad one to try
my "Hamlet" out?
Second Ditto—Certainly not. A dog
town is just the place. Wasn't Ham-
let a Great Dane?

Real Wealth.

Gunner—They say since Cogswold
bought his new automobile he has
lost a lot of wealth.
Guyer—Yes, he ran into a 400-pound
hog the other day.

A Scandal.

"Jones is having trouble with a
married woman."
"You don't say so! Who is it?"
"His wife."

Appropriate Energy.

"What about the efforts to get this
aviation meet?"
"Keep 'em up."

A Hard Drinker.

"Does he drink like a fish?"
"No; he drinks like a camel at the
end of eight days."

A POPULAR PASTIME.

Little Ethel was prattling in her
slimiest way, and sister Maude was
naturally quite unamused. "Papa,"
said Little Ethel, "do you remember
the trip we made to grandma's last
week?"

"Yes," replied her grandma, absent-
mindedly.

"In the tram?" persisted Little Ethel.

"Yes."

Sister Maude yawned. She had
been up later than usual the previous
evening, and the evidence of her
weariness could not be suppressed.

"Do you remember," continued lit-
tle Ethel, "what the conductor said?"

"Yes," answered the father.

"He said," asserted Little Ethel,
"that if you didn't want to pay for
me you'd have to take me in your lap
and let someone else have my seat."

"I remember," said the father.

"What of it?"

"Oh, nothing," replied Little Maude.
Ethel. "Only I think sister Maude
and that young man who's going to
be my new brother were playing
trams when I—"

"Ethel," sharply broke in sister
Maude, who had aroused herself "go
to bed at once!"

Handing Her One.

"Would it make you so happy if you
had an auto?"

"No."

"And still you want one?"

"Certainly I do, dear."

"Then why?"

"Just think how unhappy it will
make the girl who is always brag-
ging that she could have married
you?"

How About the Studies?

"I notice lots of college boys around
town."

"Yes; the midwinter vacation is
on."

"Seems to me these midwinter vaca-
tions must interfere seriously with
a boy's college work."

"Not at all. The football season
is over and it's too early for track
work."

Worse and Worse.

"He spoke of my singing as a vocal
stunt."

"Well, wasn't your singing a vocal
stunt?"

"Sir, the work of an artist is never
a stunt."

"Still, I don't see how that has any-
thing to do with your case."

VERY DANGEROUS.

Mrs. Bug—Hey, there! what do you
mean, smoking on my woodpile?

Still on Strike.
"Hens have commenced to lay again!"
"Yes."
"But for some reason our own hens
Don't seem to have found out about it."

Quite Evident.
"You say she let you hold her
hand?"

"Did you get rattled?"

"Guess I did. She had no more
than turned her back before I
trumped my partner's ace."

Putting the Lid on.
"I need not tell you that this hat
is of old style and that I must have
another."

"No, dear, you need not."

"But I will! I declare I—"
"Here's a check, dear!"

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MONARCH OF THE PRIMATES AND THEIR DESCENDANTS

(By Judge Parish B. Ladd.)

Far back in the morn of time when the lamp burned low, the earth's Primates, few in number, were casting off their arborescent habits and entering a less secluded life. Instinct was the ruling passion, concepts were born, analysis was in its infancy, of knowledge there was none. The five senses were the only means of illuminating these geological pri- mate's understanding; vision led the others. The earth was a flat surface; the sun, moon and stars moved around it in a silvery canopy. The sun, the greatest, most powerful and beneficent of all, giving life, light, heat and comfort, was in grandeur, and its objects. Personification was ap- plied to it; it became an object of veneration. This primate called on it for blessings, prayers and sacrifices were offered. The founda- tion for a religion had been laid. A few of the more wise offered their services; being ac- cepted, the dawn of a priesthood was ushered in; rules and cere- monies came to the front; times and forms of prayers were prescribed. The world was still in its in- fancy. Volcanic eruptions, with terrible explosions were every- where taking place; life was being blotted out; primates and beasts were equally alarmed; fear dominated all.

Our great solar orb, as ex- pressed in our dialect, became the "Deus Primus"—among all the divinities the greatest of the gods. No one dared question the power. With all the peoples and reli- gions from the remotest an- tiquity to the present, this one great solar orb, under different proper names, has stood at the head of the world's Pantheon of divinities. The God, and its substitutes in other languages, has been a household word throughout the world.

With most peoples, in pursu- ance of custom, this mighty deity has been personified, and a proper name, now Jehovah with the Jews. Lesser gods every- where in trinites have been made, as the issue from the em- brace of the sun-god with an earthly virgin. But these lesser divinities I am not to discuss in this article.

Passing over the divine per- sonages of other peoples, I now come to treat of the sun-god, as held by the Hebrews. The Hebrews for all know that the Jewish God, Jehovah, is the same as the "deus primus" of the Christians, who worship two lesser gods.

Wherever the word god is used by the Hebrews and Christians, that name has been traced direct- ly back to our sun. Let us now learn where the Hebrews got their god, Jehovah. The Hebrews made him, claimed and endorsed him as their special, tribal god. All the other tribes around them had their tribal gods. According to the Bible, the Levitical priest- hood agreed with Jehovah, i. e., they entered into a binding com- pact, as sovereigns against Jeho- vah, by the terms of which Jeho- vah was to be the sole god of the Israelites, and they were to be his children. It is now in order to look into the nativity of the di- vinity, or perhaps, better say, his name and divinity. There is some necessity of opinion as to whether he was an Egyptian, a Baby- lonian or a Phoenician. I once thought the name was of Egyp- tian origin, but after more thor- ough research, I have come to believe that it comes from the god Adonai, of Phoenicia. The word Jehovah in its full dress was not given to the world until the fifth or sixth century of our era, al- though its derivation goes back to at least 444 B. C. E., possibly 400 years earlier. If it be of Egyptian origin, the Hebrews have no record of it before Ezra read to his people the Thora at the ruins of Jerusalem, 444 B. C. E., which he brought from Baby- lon; then it appeared in conson- ant characters, in a much ab- breviated form, such as Jhvh, Jhwh, Jabe, Jao, Jahveh, Gah- veh, Gahveh, Jahveh. If the Hebrew vowels were known to the priesthood at that time they were not in use in the sacred writings of that people, but withheld from them.

At an early date, not long after the return from captivity, the words Jhvh and Jhwh were filled in with vowel points belonging to the word Ad-on-Ai, an indistin- ct being substituted for short a; what its original vowels were is unknown. The scribes in the scrip- ture of this word were read Lord. In time the word Lord,

meaning a civil ruler, was rendered God. Adonai was originally the chief god (the sun-god) of the Phoenicians; afterwards im- ported into Egypt, where he be- came one of the Jews in the Egyptian pantheon. Thus it will be seen that the Hebrews ap- propriated the Phoenician sun-god to their own use.

The Greek church fathers gave the form Jao, Jah, and Javeh, as traditional, pronounce- ed Yahveh, coming from the verb hawah, or hajah, signifying "He will cause me to come." The older interpreters explain the verb: "I am he who really am." The tendency of modern exegesis is to read it: "I will be what I will be."

As to the date of the word Jehovah, some scholars carry it back to Egypt, give it an early date, and make him the storm- god. Dr. Henry Brugsch Bey, an able Egyptologist, finds the monuments of the god, Aukh, a sun-god of Suket, designated as "He who lives," which he says is the same as Jehovah.

On this flimsy reed, and on the assumption that the Hebrews agreed on the name and filled in the vowels to fit their new god, Jehovah.

Sellman, of Berlin, and the oracle, Apollo, used by Microbi- os to trace this name to the sun, as with all pagan peoples, as their Deus Primus, Adonai of Phoen- icia, like Elohim of Babylon, was an early date used in the plu- ral to represent all the gods; later in both places it was applied in the singular to the supreme deity.

The Vulgate gives Adonius as a rendering of Tammuz, where- ing his pedigree to Assyria, where he was the Deus Primus of Zo- roaster, whose people were disc worshipers. In Egypt, Tammuz became Osiris, where he was a form of the sun. (See Lucian, Selden, and Croager.) Thus it will be seen that Jehovah comes from Adonai, the pagan sun-god of Phoenicia.

So far, the god of the Hebrews, of the deists and Christians, but a form of our great solar orb; the god who is so much adored, worshipped, talked about, dread- ed and feared by most of the people of our little world. When and wherever the word or name, as used, his pedigree is ig- nored, because unknown to only a few, he is only thought of and pictured in the imagination as a great, powerful and all-wise man, a resident of heaven, who firmly has this habit of thinking that no rational man can become a god of a god who does not wear the human form and possess the attributes of man. Talk and try to think of any other god as you may, in the end all comes back to god at all. The Hebrew Bible, in its oft-repeated statements on this matter, leaves not the slight- est doubt that its god is a man in form, and has man's attributes. The Biblical record of this He- brew god is so bad that both Christians and Hebrews shun it all they can. Ingersoll held that record until all classes have come ashamed of the Bible divi- nity. The Christians seldom men- tion his proper name.

Then we come to the higher order of manhood, to men of learning, who revolt against this Biblical monarch, but the habit of having a god to support, and become so firmly fixed in the hu- man mind that it is next to im- possible to shake the idea off. It sticks like the bark to a tree; the notion of having a household totam has become indispensable to most people, who ring him up on every occasion, mix him in their soup, and call on him to bless all their food before eaten; he is the family pet in every day life. But when considered by the light of the Bible, intelligent people re- volt and look around for a sub- stitute, even to the revival of the old Pantheistic system, which finds its god in the totality of the universe.

In this sense, they are Atheists in disguise. When explained to mean the absorption of the infinite in nature it is Atheism, simple, which was promulgated by Spino- za, but when explained to mean the absorption of nature—the finite to Atheism in the fullest sense. So say our lexicographers. Under this definition, our literary men who repudiate Jehovah and insist on a god, are Atheists, but are afraid to say so. The Old Totem has been so long with us, they fear to drop him, ever on the alert to protect their standing or financial status at the expense of truth and courage.

Prof. Elliot, ex-President of Harvard, and the leading College

Most scholars of this time agree that the insertion of vowel points between the consonants, J h v h, so as to make the name Jehovah, are not the original ones from the old Hebrew, which renders Adonai, not Jehovah.

So, it will be seen that the name Jehovah was forced from the proper name, Adonai, which shows that the Hebrews borrowed the old sun-god of Phoenicia, which furnished the precedent for the theft of Jehovah by the Chris- tians.

When the Masoretic text, Jhvh, was first given its vowel points, its condition was Adonai, but a pronounced Elohim. This was a cheat of the common people.

With all the confusion between the spelling and the pronuncia- tion, the names Adonai and Jeho- vah ran parallel until the sixth century, when full vowel points were inserted, which for the first time gave Jehovah to the world. (See Huntington's Letters; also Haler, Ireland, et al.)

Maimonides says only a few Levite priests knew the meaning of the consonanted text, which came down from tradition; they agreed on the name and filled in the vowels to fit their new god, Jehovah.

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Prof. Elliot, ex-President of Harvard, and the leading College

men of America and Europe, are all Atheists, and so are charged by the leaders of the Roman church.

Awowed Atheism, the summit of human reason on religious matters, will some day in the near future throw its colors to the breeze, mount the car of destiny, and ride over the myths, fables, and legends of the dark past, and give the world freedom to develop its vital forces without fear of mythical gods, devils or pits of eternal torment.

Oh! Fates, holding the reins of destiny, speed that glorious day when all mankind shall be free to live, love and follow nature in all her sublimity as the Monocrat of the Universe. Then will re- ligion cease, wars come to an end, and the brotherhood of mankind be all in all.

"I WILL DRAW ALL MEN UNTO ME."

(Continued from Page 1.)

The last book of the New Testa- ment is a long wall of rage and despair, and Christ, the Word of God, is going to destroy the world because he cannot convert it, and finds himself anything else but a draw. Had he been a draw, the church would never have shed a drop of blood or resorted to any crime if Christ had only fulfilled his "Draw-all-men" promise.

Today the trouble in the churches is, there are too many imbeciles preaching from the pulpit, and too few smart talk- ers. Time, I am glad he made the above statement. Does he not know many preachers are preach- ing a set of dogmas and perpetu- ating another set of enlight- ened views and beliefs. Does he not know that Christianity is only a joke? Why, there is nothing left of it but the Salvation Army. Why, just think of it! Christians make a god of a man they walked and talked with. Why worship a poor, old, supposed Jew that has been dead two thousand years, and have very little respect for the living Jew? No greater mistake is made by humanity than to take his ideals and morals from the dead past. I hope those good, conscientious ministers will unite with us Freethinkers in laying the foundation right here—not in brick of silly creeds that will crumble away in their own weight, set in rotten mortar of idle belief. Let us scatter the thorns of super- stition and dismay, that tear the souls of poor, weak and trembling captives; but plant fruit of the trees along every highway of the life. Let us teach little children a religion that seeks not so much to carry earth to heaven, as to bring heaven to earth. Let us make them as free as the birds of the air, and not as the young lions write of what he saw and dyspeptic religion; it is the very worst kind of a religion to be happy with. You must doctor, and doctor, and keep on a doctoring—and that is why we have so many doctors of divinity.

Florence, Ky.

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DOG FENNEL

IN THE ORIENT

Charles Chilton Moore.

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SO LITTLE, AFTER ALL

A little toll.
A little play.
A little love.
Along the way:
A little care,
A little sleep,
A little road,
We have to keep.
A little joy,
A little woe,
A little while—
The call to go.
And so we die
And never guess
How much of life
Is littleness.

One on the Hotel Man.

"There is one thing about this place," boasted the hotel proprietor, "and that is we never make any false claims. Anything you see on the menu can be served at once."
"That so?" chuckled the humorous guest, as he looked over the much- card. "Well, bring me some thumbprints."

OVERCROWING.



The Citizen—There are too many gratters in the world.
The Politician—Unquestionably. Pretty soon there won't be enough grout to go round.

Uplifted.
The farmer now hunts up the banks of lofty, placid brow.
He leaves his coin and murmurs, "Thanks, I need no up-lift now."

Note for the Girls.

Statistics show that baldness and higher education go together. In other words, the woman with a haystack of hair on her head doesn't know as much as the woman with a cof- fure of doorknob size—Achtung Globe. Simple Globe. Don't you know that it's usually the woman with the doorknob cof- fure who wears the hay- stack of hair?

Escaped.

"Did he not ask you for my hand?"
"I did not even see him."
"But I sent him on my study to see you."

"Well, he wasn't there when I went in, though I heard the front door slam, and the papers on my study table—the bills for your Easter bon- net and gowns—were all disarranged."

Accounting for it.

"A New Jersey man recently said a woman was a 'damned fool,' and the judge who tried her suit for damages decided that 'damns' is not a swear word."

Well, what do you think of that?

"Perhaps he knew the woman."

Loud.

"Gracious! What was that selection you just played on the phono- graph?"
"That is the necktie my daughter's young man wore Easter Sunday. I took a record of it."

NOTHING STEADY ABOUT IT.



Tom—Grunt has a bright thought now and then.
Jack—Yes; if he ever has brain fever it will be intermittent.

Coming.

Oh, maiden, stand a little slim and tall, And graceful to the view, When Fashion deigns to again Shrink its bulge on you.

The Exacting Public.

"You borrowed some of my epigrams word for word!"
"Yes," replied the busy author, "you can't please people. If I had changed the phraseology I would have been criticized for misquoting."

What Was Suggestive.

Ives—"There's nothing pertaining to Mrs. Rulers that is suggestive of meekness."
Beers—"What about her husband?"

INNOCENT OF TIPS.

"Gracious, Uncle Timrod!" ex- claimed his fashionable city niece, in the corridor of the big hotel, "why did you remain in the dining room so long after we had dined?"
"Well, I'll tell you, Susie," confided the old man, with a broad grin. "The waiter that waited on us kept hold- ing out his hand when I started out and of course I had to shake it every time. Wasn't going to let it be said that he had more manners than your Uncle Timrod."

Then and Now.

The multimillionaire was depend- ent. With all his vast libraries and free shooting galleries for the poor, he could not get rid of his sordid self.
"And to think," he mused in deep meditation, "with all my success with get-rich-quick schemes, the get-poor-quick scheme has me beaten."
And then this great and sorrowful millionaire stopped his automobile and gave a newsway a penny.

Surprising.

"I saw an astonishing thing the other day."
"What was it?"
"Smythe was walking on the street just ahead of me and he took off his hat to a lady who spoke to him."
"Was that surprising?"
"Of course it was. The lady was his wife."

Hurt His Feelings.

"Rude man," snapped the fiery housewife, "you never associated with gentlemen."
The wayfarer was visibly hurt.
"Lady," he said humbly, "you do me an injustice. Ain't I just from de Pittsburgh pen? And de warden says himself dere are so many gentlemen dere he is going to do away with stripes."

An Appeal to Her.

Mrs. Stubb—Yes, Mary says she is dying to get a position as cook on an ocean liner.
Mr. Stubb (In surprise)—Gracious! Whatever put that in her head?
Mrs. Stubb—Why, she read that there were 3,000 pieces of crockery broken every voyage.

FISHING.



Miss Willin—I'm writing to Mr. Rocks, the gentleman I met in Florida last fall. I drop him a line occasionally, you know.
Miss Cutting—Don't be discouraged, dear. You may land him some day.

No, indeed.

It is said stories are worthless, But I know that's not the case; Nothing is worthless that helps me To fill up this much space.

Practical Side.

Postmaster—This you like those town letters to send you those new- fangled souvenir postal cards out of leather?
Uncle Weatherby—By heck, yes! I ain't so much on sentimental cyards, but when they are made out of leather they come in handy to mend boots with.

When He Stopped.

Stubb—Did you every try to count a thousand stars and fall asleep?
Fann—No, but I sat back of my wife at a concert one time and counted 459 buttons on her gown and fell asleep.

Useful Stuff.

"A man who was the black sheep of his family died and left a fortune to his brothers and sisters."
"Yes," replied the fat fact that he was a black sheep, they were glad to get his wool."

Peaches and Peaches.

"Well, there'll soon be plenty of peaches."
"I don't care for 'em, they're too fuzzy."
"The peaches you've been going with must need a shave."

His Variety.

"That man lives on anybody he can."
"He doesn't live—he merely vegetates."
"Sure, he's a beat."

Her Tendency.

"Mabel prefers a bout over cham- pion to a football for a beau."
"That shows that Mabel is row-man- tie."

Such a Distance.

"Jaded society is going in for pa- jamas and boxing machines."
"Seems a long way back to the old-fashioned sewing circle, doesn't it?"

IF A MAN DIE SHALL HE LIVE?

ANSWER THIS QUESTION PLEASE.

"If a man die shall he live again."—Job 14:14.

We can tell our friend Mr. Job that is a question that has bothered and perplexed the theological world for the last 1900 years, and no nearer an agreement or a decisive answer either pro or con than when the question was first asked. It is a difficult problem to decide. Millions have spent their lives trying to solve it, while millions more have made lunatics out of themselves, and still millions more have found an early grave worrying over it, and still no relief has come as yet.

We find people asking and worrying about the question of a future life every day. We wish we were able to answer Mr. Job's question, or else refer to some one that could. The best we can do, however, at the present time, will be to cite a few instances in which it is claimed that some have actually come or been brought to life again after the breath had left the body and they were pronounced dead. The first instance will be that of this fellow they call Jesus. It is claimed for him that he was cruelly murdered or crucified, laid in the ground and buried the same as is customary in such cases. Then after laying there three whole days and nights that he came to life again and arose out of the grave safe and sound. For the truth of which we have the testimony of the first four writers of the New Testament. They are very well agreed as to the matter of his crucifixion that he was crucified, but when it comes to the cause and circumstances connected herewith, scarcely any two of them will agree on anything they will say about him. It is not that he after a few days that he bid his followers good bye and actually arose, went up alive and a cloud received him out of their sight and has not been seen or heard of from that day to this. It is a violation of the inviolable laws of nature which we claim never has been done or never will be, the cases of Enoch and Elijah notwithstanding.

Please excuse this digression in the case of Job, as he is an important factor in the case and it seemed a good place to put them in.

The next case will be that of Lazarus. Here is a man that is said to have been dead and laid in the grave for four days and the work of decomposition had already set in. But by some mysterious power unknown to mankind he is resuscitated and comes to life again. What do you think of that? Mr. Job does not think that a little like if a man die he will live again. It is not stated what becomes of Lazarus after he is risen, but of course in case he came to life he had to die again and that would be another violation of nature's laws, for one death like one god is a plenty. It is all this life calls for, and it is said that the living know that they shall die, but the dead know not anything.

Now comes the case of Jonah and the whale, and in our estimation it is one of the most remarkable and mysterious on record. In this case it is not stated that Jonah either died or was murdered or that he was buried. But it does state that Jonah was swallowed by a great whale, and that he was in the whale's stomach without a breath of air, and under the influence of those powerful digestive organs "For three whole days and nights." Then he was cast up by the whale on the dry land, all safe and sound. If Mr. Job could believe such a statement as the above then there would have been no necessity for him asking the question: "If a man die shall he live again."

We now propose to answer Mr. Job's question from our own point of view and see what the readers of the Blade may think of it.

We can tell Mr. Job that we see no reason why we should not live again. There would be no more mystery about another life than the present one, but in all cases it would have to come under the same conditions exactly as the present one, and happen right here on this earth just the same. This is all the world we know of and who knows but what we may have lived a life or two before the

present one. This world has been here from time immemorial and always will be. A constant change is going on and the chances for another life on this earth would be no more unexpected or mysterious than the present one. At all events we would advise our friend Job along with all the rest not to be worried a particle about another life for in case there should be one it will be a repetition of the present and no more unexpected or mysterious.

Yours truly,
JOEL M. BERRY.

CREMATION.

It is high time that Free Thinkers, at least, should substitute cremation for earthly burials. I know that it is very hard even for enlightened people to get rid of prejudice. We are all creatures of habit, and we cling to old customs in spite of our reason. But the crematory is in every respect preferable to the graveyard, even from a sentimental point of view. It is better to have the bodies of our friends reduced to ashes in an hour than to let them slowly rot in the ground. Can the imagination of man conceive of anything more horrible than the state of a body after it has been in the ground two or three years? Is a graveyard a pleasing sight? Why should we put stones over the graves of our friends? Is love so feeble a nature that it must be kept alive by outward signs? Innumerable proofs furnished by scientific men of all ages show that earth retains instead of destroy the germs of disease contained in a body and that in some degree will contaminate its surroundings. If a graveyard is a menace to the living it should go. I never pass a graveyard without thinking of the needless and foolish expenditure of money in many different ways. Thousands of persons yearly distress themselves in order to make a show both in coffins and expensive shrouds to hide away under the ground. When I read I want no superstitious memories or incantations to myths and dumb gods said over my remains, but I wish to be taken to the nearest crematory and then my ashes scattered over the ground or dispersed as my friends see fit. I believe with Solomon, Job and authorities elsewhere, that when we are dead we stay dead, but Christians of all kinds expect a mansion somewhere after death where they will be clothed with rationality and with a memory made perfect and expect to be happy even though they remember all their short comings here and all the woes and agonies their friends and loved ones still have to endure. We all have moments of regret for having improved every moment. Will not these regrets follow us? If so, can we be perfectly happy? Does the blood of Christ wipe out all consciousness of wrong doing? Or do we retain our memory only our good actions?

EUGENE B. TANNER.
Atties, Ohio.

HALLEY'S COMET.

(Continued from Page 1).

things—the infinitely large and the infinitely small are matter. Air, fluids, gases, the ether, electricity (though beyond the limitations of our intellect, all are a form of matter. Whatever exists is matter, and what ever is not matter—gods, souls, spirits, spooks, etc.—does not exist.

"The Unknowable." We can comprehend limited quantities, periods, numbers—an ounce, pound, a thousand tons; we can approximately estimate numbers and sizes of worlds, and sums up to thousands and millions; then, owing to the limitations of our intellect, our ideas become vague and confused. This is the only unknowable. While we cannot grasp the infinitude of space and an infinite number of cosmic bodies existing therein; infinite time in the past and future, yet we can and must logically and analogically infer the above abstractions, especially because their antithetical propositions—limited time, space and matter—cannot be rationally entertained. The only "Unknowable" is simply an infinitely increased sum or quantity of the knowable.

Call your God "He" and you have a rather exaggerated, venerable old man, or patriarch, with physical structure—a man, yet an animal. This cannot be a God.

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Call your God "It" (which you must, if you don't believe in a man-god), and you have the mindless and unconscious forces of matter, void of all the essential attributes of a "Heavenly Father" who can respond to the supplications of humanity, and which cannot be a God.

You, my dear theistic friend, worship tradition, a book, the unknown and mythical. Materialists confine their belief to well-established truths and facts. You believe in what nobody KNOWS; we believe only in what everybody KNOWS or may KNOW.

It seems to me unreasonable to believe that God or Nature would have made death of the individual the most prominent, self-evident fact of every-day life, if we were destined to live forever.

Clamoring for eternal life is like longing for eternal youth, physical perfection, ideal beauty, genius, a hundred years of robust, earth-life, all denied a vast majority of frail mortals. It demands evergreen laws that never need the mow, snow-white draperies that never require washing, mansions and furnishings not made by hands, roasted squabs flying around, and milk and honey free to all. It greedily desires an insatiable appetite and continuous courses, unending honey-moons and a happy eternal life, that dynamite cannot explode, etc., etc., all conditions and states which we know are impossible.

"No Platform." Will Prof. Jamieson enumerate everything in existence—everything science has verified, everything discovered by telescope, microscope, spectroscopy and photography; in the laboratory, crucible or on the dissecting table, the sum of all his KNOWLEDGE; omit nothing; add morals, ethics, hygiene, aesthetics, poetry, music, art, and everything tending to build up a grand and noble humanity; if he will do this, he will have a clear conception of the platform of the Materialist's Association. The Professor considers it "too narrow." Can he broaden it?

A God now-a-days cannot create a human being without the assistance of a lusty, able-bodied man. But man can accomplish the task without the least inconvenience. Hence man is more powerful than God!

In the absence of personality, personal attributes cannot exist.

The living human organism is a tangible basis for all psychic phenomena. Decadent spirits or souls have no basis at all.

Life will end. True. Did it not begin? Are the countless millions who will live after us, in misery and despair because they do not participate in life's battle now? No; neither will we grieve and suffer when we are where they are now.

It was the supposed need of a God that originated all Gods. Now, when science demonstrates

that all phenomena are a spontaneous product of the marvelous potencies of matter, the need of a God vanishes. And with the USE of a God gone, the hypothesis explodes. As Hugh Pentecost said: "A useless God is no God at all."

Materialism reduces the mysteries of nature to their minimum. Theism augments the problem beyond the hope of final solution.

La Grange, Ill.

AN APPEAL

Ladies and Gentlemen: We, the undersigned, address you in the interest of humanity, and in commemoration of the heroes and heroines who have died for human liberty.

We believe that such a cause will strongly appeal to you. We are members of the Indiana Rationalist Association, The Duxbury Secular Union, The American Secular Union, The Rational Association of America, the Independent Religious Society of Chicago, and the Paine Historical Society, and are subscribers to all the leading Free-thought papers in America. We urge each one of you to unite at once with one or more Free-thought societies, and to subscribe for one or more Free-thought papers. We are perfectly sure if you do so that future generations will sing your praises and call you blessed. You will also have the profound satisfaction of seeing the stainless flag ramparts of the motley hosts of us of freedom waving upon the dismantled ramparts of the motley hosts of superstition.

If gods and devils and priests, the only enemies of the race, are ever overthrown, it must be done by organized Rationalism. There is no example in the whole history of the world where an organized priesthood ever relaxed its selfish grip from the throat of liberty. The Ethiopian could change his skin and the leopard his spots as easily as a Pope or a priest could become a lover of humanity and freedom.

We therefore beseech all Rationalists—every one of you—to get together in a compact organization, and help to inaugurate a reign of reason in the Republic bequeathed to us by Jefferson, Paine and Franklin.

The vile old strumpet of orthodox religion sits in the palaces and parlors of the world, and compels mankind to do her bidding and to pay her homage. By the perfect organization of her ignorant dupes, she compels our politicians and our so-called statesmen to become her panders, procurers and tools for her infamous uses. This vile old hag intrudes herself at every birth, and at every death, at every marriage, and in our schools with her diabolical cunning; and would if unrestrained do as she has done in other lands where unrestrained and opposed. She would make of our own fair Columbia a despotism like that of Russia or Spain. The Free-thinkers actually outnumber the forces of superstition fully two to one; and if we were but organized we could easily rid our land of priestly rule and tyranny. Ladies and gentlemen, let us organize and get busy.

DR. T. B. BOWLES,
Pres. Indiana Rationalist Association.
WM. Y. BUCK,
SCHUYLER LA TOURETTE,
JOHN C. BECK,
JOHN H. PRINCE,
Officials Ind. R. A.

I heartily second the strong letter of Dr. Bowles. It sometimes seems that we have about all the religion and personal freedom we are entitled to, considering how little we have done and are doing to secure it. Compare our own slothful indifference with the cash enthusiasm of the organized forces of superstition. The Catholics of Indianapolis recently raised a pile of money for a "nobody knows what" fund. In less than a week the Presbyterians of the same city raised \$15,000 for a new church building. There are now 175 churches in the city. A young Catholic tells me he makes \$1000 a year soliciting subscriptions for a Catholic newspaper. There are scores of prosperous Catholic and Protestant papers, supported by public patronage and by endorsement simply because they are religious papers.

It is human nature that we acquire love for a cause by working and sacrificing for it. As lovers of mental liberty, let us wake up, and get in the fight. If there is a Free-thought society near, let us join it. If none, let us organize one. Three energetic Free-thinkers in a township means that soon there will be twenty. I know for I've tried it.

Did you ever hear of a wealthy Free-thought editor? It is a constant wonder how some of our excellent and brave papers exist, the way they are neglected by some of their admiring friends, who hugly enjoy the contents, but never help to pay the heavy expenses. The circulation is necessarily limited, and the papers are boycotted by all the orthodox advertisers. I support them to the best of my limited ability, and would rather let my taxes go delinquent than to lapse my subscription to any of them. Within the past year, I have given over \$50.00 of my slender means to the cause of Rationalism, and honestly I never enjoyed anything else quite as well. I shall bequeath a goodly lump of life insurance when I go home. The suggestion of the good Dr. Bowles is fine. What can I do to help? I will contribute to the general cause only—not to any individual.

Fraternally,
D. W. SANDERS.

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